

Calvin V. ...

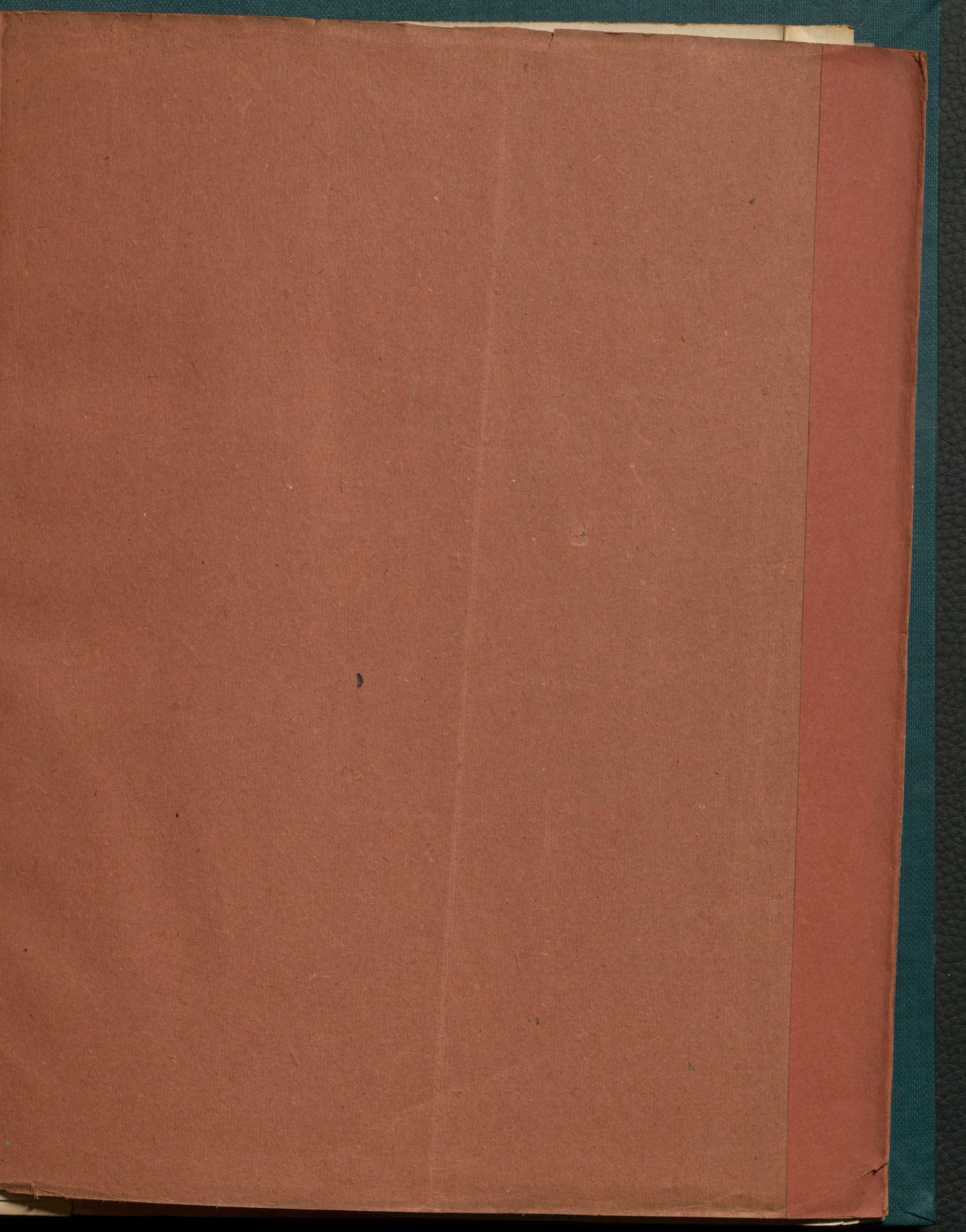


8

KALENDAR.

1901.

1901.





I travelled all the weary day
 To reach the Mecca of my heart,
 The morn of youth, the noon of strength,
 The quiet evening, at length,
 Still saw me on my way.

22

April

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

S M T W T F S

O lie full-length upon a headland sheer;
To hear the splash and murmur of the sea,
The gulls' shrill scream, the droning of a bee
To lay on's cheek upon the sunburnt grass,
And with closed eyes, to feel the soft wind pass,
With dainty rustle through the heather near.

over

August Calendar

HAT is the greatest sin?
 "A life of self and scorn
 Of those for whom Christ died."
 With doubting voice I cried,
 "Is that the greatest sin?"
 "No," the great world replied,
 "Failure and poverty."
 O heart of mine! have grace
 And tell me what is true.
 My heart looked me in the face,
 And then I knew.



July

S	7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22
T	2	9	16	23
W	3	10	17	24
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S	3	10	17	24	31
M	4	11	18	25	
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S	9	16	23	30	



SHOUT with a shout of welcome
 And sing a triumph song,
 For now upon the year's highway
 Comes royal May along.
 The trees have hung their banners
 The minstrel birds rehearse,
 And like true poets, strive their queen
 To celebrate in verse.
 The fields in greenest velvet spread
 A carpet for her feet,
 And every little flower looks forth
 Its sovereign to greet.

KALENDAR
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KALENDAR
MDCCCCI

KALENDAR
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THE CARADOC KALENDAR
SECOND YEAR
MDCCCCI
SECOND YEAR

Issued by The Caradoc Press
Bedford Park

THE CARADOC KALENDAR
SECOND YEAR

Issued by The Caradoc Press
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KALENDAR
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THE CARADOC KALENDAR
SECOND YEAR
MDCCCCI
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Printed by The Caradoc Press
Bellard Park

THE CARADOC KALENDAR

SECOND YEAR

Printed by The Caradoc Press
Bellard Park



LITTLE BOOK OF TIME
AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less this, I'm sure you cannot give.



LITTLE BOOK OF TIME
AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less this, I'm sure you cannot give.



LITTLE BOOK OF TIME
AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look; 34
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less this, I'm sure you cannot give.

Two Gent. of Verona.
Act. Sc.

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair loo
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less this, I'm sure you cannot give.





LITTLE BOOK OF TIME
AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look;
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Shakespeare



LITTLE BOOK OF TIME
AND VERSE

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I'm sure you cannot give.

Shakespeare

OF THE FAIR GODDESS FOR
THOU FALL DEEP IN LOVE
WITH ME!

PROUDLY BE
MY SLAVE.



NOW THE FAIR GODDESS FOR-
TUNE FALL DEEP IN LOVE
WITH THEE!



PROSPERITY BE
THY SLAVE.

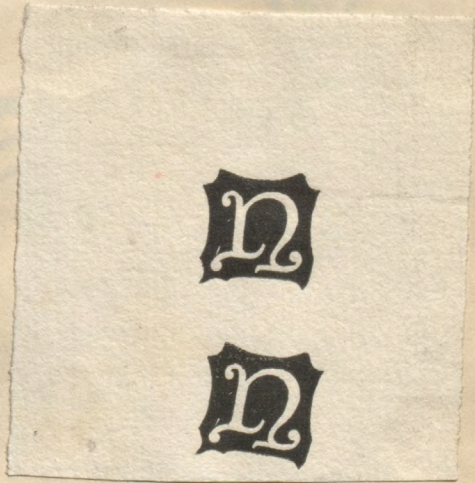
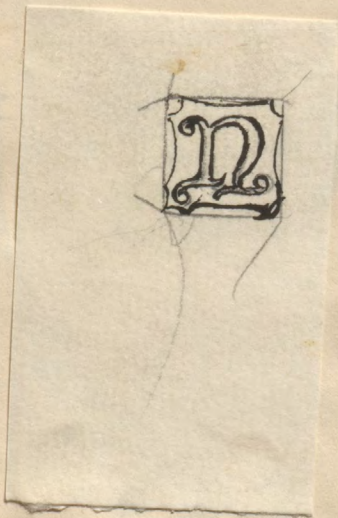
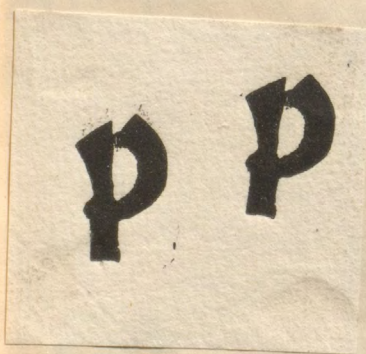
Shakespeare

NOW THE FAIR GODDESS FOR-
TUNE FALL DEEP IN LOVE
WITH THEE!

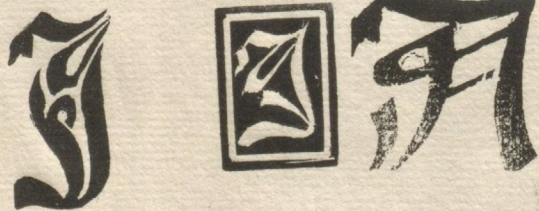
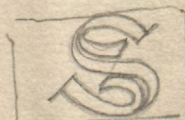


PROSPERITY BE
THY SLAVE.

Shakespeare



November. 2^o



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OCTOBER.



OCTOBER



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September

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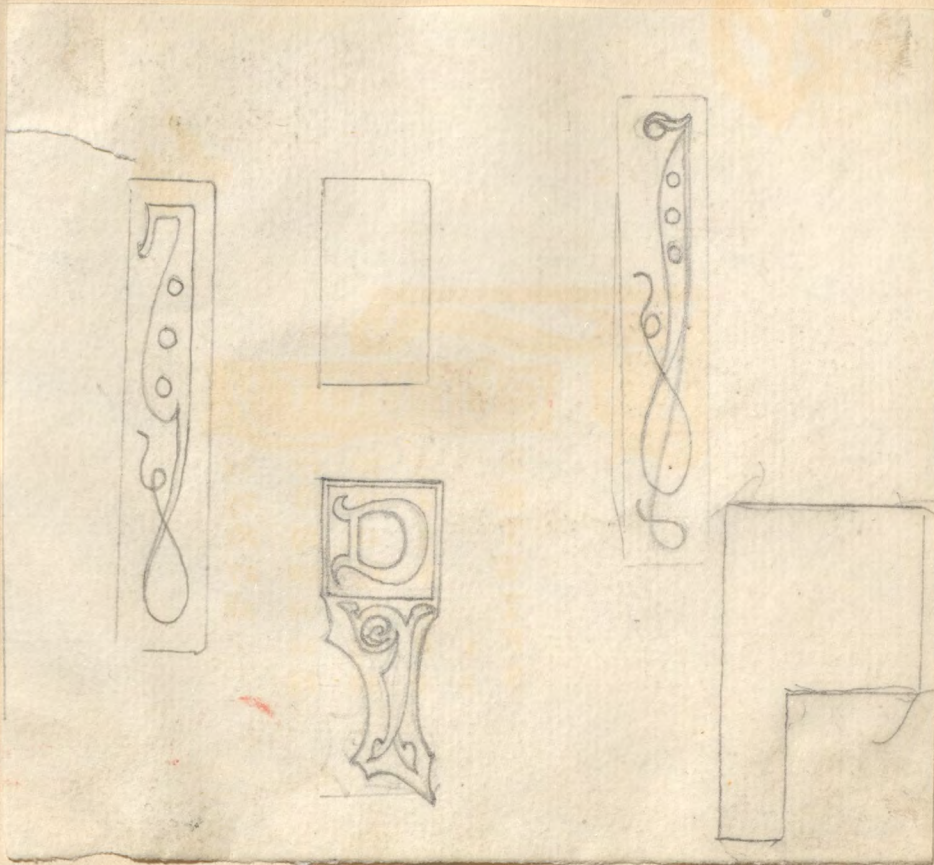
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June

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T	4	11	18	25	
W	5	12	19	26	
T	6	13	20	27	
F	7	14	21	28	
S	1	8	15	22	29

September



July

S	7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22
T	2	9	16	23
W	3	10	17	24
T	4	11	18	25
F	5	12	19	26
S	6	13	20	27



ebruary.



February.

S	3	10	17	24
M	4	11	18	25
T	5	12	19	26
W	6	13	20	27
T	7	14	21	28
F	1	8	15	22
S	2	9	16	23

ARCH.

JANUARY.



DECEMBER.



JANUARY.

ARCH.

DECEMBER.



Shakespeare



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January.

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July







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I travelled all the weary day
 To reach the Mecca of my heart;
 The morn of youth, the noon of strength,
 The quiet evening, at length,
 Still saw me on my way.

And now, outside the City gate ^{within}
 I hear, ~~within~~, the pilgrims chant;
 The stars look down so cold & clear;
 Behind me lies the desert drear;
 O, have I come too late!



travelled all the weary day
 To reach the Mecca of my heart;
 The morn of youth, the noon of strength,
 The quiet evening, at length,
 Still saw me on my way.

And now, outside the City gate
 I hear the pilgrims chant within;
 The stars look down so cold and clear;
 Behind me lies the desert drear;
 O! have I come too late?

travelling all the weary day
To reach the place of my birth
The road I took, the road of my youth
The path I followed, at length
Still gave me on my way
And now, outside the City gate
I hear the ringing of the bell
The stars look down on me
Behind me lies the past
O'er me I come too late

R005011

I^t travelled all the weary day ✓
To reach the Mecca of my heart; *space*
The morn of youth, the noon of strength, *space*
The quiet evening, at length,
Still saw me on my way.

And now, outside the City gate
I hear, the pilgrims chant within; *space*
The stars look down so cold and clear;
Behind me lies the desert drear;
O, have I come too late! ? — 1 ?

I travelled all the weary day
To reach the Mecca of my heart;
The morn of youth, the noon of strength,
The quiet evening, at length,
Still saw me on my way.

And now, outside the City gate
I hear the pilgrims chant within;
The stars look down so cold and clear;
Behind me lies the desert drear;
O, have I come too late?

Shout with a shout of welcome
And sing a triumph song,
For now upon the year's highway
Comes royal May along.

The trees have hung their banners
The minstrel birds rehearse,
And like true poets, strive, their queen
To celebrate in verse.

The fields, in greenest velvet, spread
A pathway for her feet,
And every little flower looks forth
Her majesty to greet.

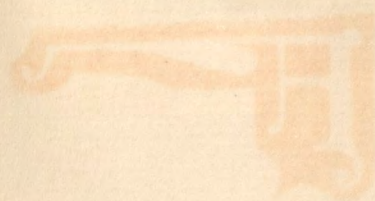
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The minstrel birds rehearse,
And like true poets, strive their queen
To celebrate in verse.

The fields in greenest velvet spread
A carpet for her feet,
And every little flower looks forth
Her majesty to view. greet —



天

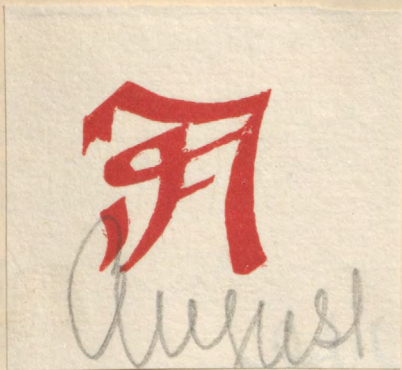


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Shakespeare



R005011

SHOUT with a shout of welcome
And sing a triumph song,
For now upon the year's highway
Comes royal May along.

The trees have hung their banners
The minstrel birds rehearse,
And like true poets, strive their queen
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A carpet for her feet,
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The trees have hung their banners
The minstrel birds rehearse,
And like true poets, strive their queen
To celebrate in verse.

The fields in greenest velvet spread
A carpet for her feet,
And every little flower looks forth
Its Sovereign to greet.

SHOUT with a shout of welcome
And sing a triumph song,
For now upon the year's highway
Comes royal May along.

The trees have hung their banners
The minstrel birds rehearse,
And like true poets, strive their queen
To celebrate in verse.

The fields in greenest velvet spread
A carpet for her feet,
And every little flower looks forth
Its sovereign to greet.

So they with lifted hands, two times as up
above the lower things of earth's world,
that our souls ascending into light,
these propitius men, our friends, descend difficult
the spirit with descending force & there

So they, with lifting hands, can raise us up
Above the lower things of sordid earth,
Until our souls, ascending into light,
Where buoyant air makes descent difficult,
Are filled with satisfying Peace & Hope.

head
head
head
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Sad tears for the sad days past.
 Weathered & dead ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~flowers~~ ^{flowers}
 Under the heavy bed.
 Our ~~last~~ ^{last} ~~flowers~~ ^{flowers} lie buried fast.

the first of the year I tried to find
which message was the best
the paper came I wrote for you
to better understand.

the first of the year I tried to find
which message was the best
the paper came I wrote for you
to better understand.

R005011
Hope, with a silver pencil, traced
Her shining prophecy
But Fate, with iron pen, defaced
The happy legacy.

Life took the reed & tried to scan
Which message was the best;
An Angel came, & wrote for man,
A nobler palimpsest.



HOPE, with a silver pencil, traced
Her shining prophecy
But Fate, with iron pen, defaced
The happy legacy.

Life took the reed and tried to scan
Which message was the best
An Angel came, and wrote for man
A nobler palimpsest.

the first of the series
the second of the series
the third of the series
the fourth of the series
the fifth of the series
the sixth of the series
the seventh of the series
the eighth of the series
the ninth of the series
the tenth of the series

"the first of the series
the second of the series
the third of the series
the fourth of the series
the fifth of the series
the sixth of the series
the seventh of the series
the eighth of the series
the ninth of the series
the tenth of the series"

THE FIRST OF THE SERIES
THE SECOND OF THE SERIES
THE THIRD OF THE SERIES

THE FOURTH OF THE SERIES
THE FIFTH OF THE SERIES
THE SIXTH OF THE SERIES

THE SEVENTH OF THE SERIES
THE EIGHTH OF THE SERIES
THE NINTH OF THE SERIES

THE TENTH OF THE SERIES
THE ELEVENTH OF THE SERIES
THE TWELFTH OF THE SERIES
THE THIRTEENTH OF THE SERIES
THE FOURTEENTH OF THE SERIES
THE FIFTEENTH OF THE SERIES
THE SIXTEENTH OF THE SERIES
THE SEVENTEENTH OF THE SERIES
THE EIGHTEENTH OF THE SERIES
THE NINETEENTH OF THE SERIES

R005011
"What is the greatest sin?"

~~And~~ ^{Christ} answered me said —

"A life of self, & scorn
Of those ~~whom I have loved~~ —
for whom I bled

With shouting voice I cried
~~What is~~ the greatest sin?"

~~The~~ ^{The} great world replied: —

"Failure of loyalty."

"Oh heart of mine have grace,
And tell me what is true"

My heart looked me in the face
And then I knew.

September

then dost beidge the fort where Reason dwells!
With clam~~orous~~ shout + strong availing force
Dost strow the hats of wisdoms sweet seed;
Dⁱⁿing her price who would a paltry ~~trifling~~ have;
Effugied Honor dabbies with command
And Fortune flies a prey upon the walls.
Yet ~~yet~~ thou have, O compromise or peace
But full surrender instant & compelle



HAT is the greatest sin?"
GOD answered me and said,
"A life of self and scorn
Of those for whom Christ died."
With doubting voice I cried,
"Is that the greatest sin?"
"No," the great world replied,
"Failure and poverty."
O heart of mine! have grace;
And tell me what is true."
My heart looked me in the face,
And then I knew.



HAT is the greatest sin?"
GOD answered me and said,
"A life of self and scorn
Of those for whom Christ bled."
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O! heart of mine have grace;
And tell me what is true."
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"A life of self and scorn
Of those for whom Christ died."
With doubting voice I cried,
"Is that the greatest sin?"
"No," the great world replied,
"Failure and poverty."
O heart of mine! have grace
And tell me what is true."
My heart looked me in the face,
And then I knew.

As were the Earth without the light
 Of sun or moon above
 So are my days like darkest night
 Without thy love, my love.

No spring or summer I foresee
 Can in my year have part
 It must eternal winter be
 Without thy heart, my heart



As were the earth without the light
 Of sun or moon above,
 So are my days like darkest night,
 Without thy love, my love.

No spring or summer, I foresee,
 Can in my year have part;
 It must eternal winter be
 Without thy heart, my heart.

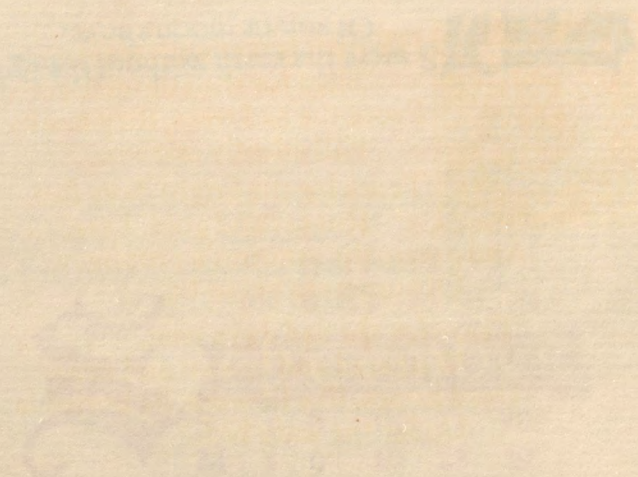
The path is wet with tears,
 Shed for the summer gone;
 From the sad trees, they, one by one,
 Fall silently adown.
 Tears for the bright days flown,
 Russet & gold, I see,
 And green, the autumn's prophecy,
 Of summers yet to be.
 Tears for the sad days past,
 Withered & brown & dead;
 Dead Hopes, like flowers lie buried fast
 Under the leafy bed.

October



THE path is wet with tears,
 Shed for the summer gone;
 From the sad trees, they one by one
 Fall silently adown.
 Tears for the bright days fled, *d*
 Russet and gold, I see, *d*
 And green, the autumn's prophecy *, t*
 Of summers yet to be, *.*
 Tears for the sad days ^{sp} past, *.*
 Withered and brown and dead: *d*
 Dead hopes, like flowers lie buried fast *, b*
 Under the leafy bed. *d*

Under the leafy bed
Dead paper, the flower, the buried
Whisper and brown and dead
I care for the dead have past
Of summer yet to be
And mean the autumn's beginning
I care for the bright have had
I care for the autumn's golden
The path is wet with tears





THE path is wet with tears,
Shed for the summer gone;
From the sad trees, they one by one
Fall silently adown.
Tears for the bright days fled,
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Withered and brown and dead:
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THE path is wet with tears,
Shed for the summer gone;
From the sad trees, they one by one
Fall silently adown.
Tears for the bright days fled,
Russet and gold, I see,
And green, the autumn's prophecy
Of summers yet to be.
Tears for the sad days past,
Withered and brown and dead:
Dead hopes, like flowers, lie buried fast
Under the leafy bed.

Your way has been quite good
 But you must not let out
 On the day that the is due
 The will be very and you
 Will open

You may be a great and great
 But you will not let out
 Spoke of the great and plan
 There is much for man
 In you

You may be a great and great
 But you will not let out
 Spoke of the great and plan
 There is much for man
 In you

There may be the castle gate
that you cannot find out
for the day that is the
the last of the year
into year

There may be a great deal of
that you will not find out
Spice of Shalott and
She's a woman for
into year

There may be a great deal of
that you will not find out
Spice of Shalott and
She's a woman for
into year

ROO5011

You may bar the castle gate
But you cannot shut out Fate
On the day that she is due
She will knock and you
Will open.

You may set a guard and wait
But you will not out-watch Fate
Spite of stratagem and plan
She's a match for ^{any} man
Even you.

March

YOU may bar the castle gate
But you will not shut out Fate;
On the day that she is due,
She will knock and you
Will open.

You may set a guard and wait
But you will not out-watch Fate;
Spite of stratagem and plan,
She's a match for any man,
Even you.

hangelly do the gods their gifts dispense!
 a most solemn music sung.

heaven-sent
 hymn of penitence
 o when I the singers now ~~at length~~ perceived

Ciree's swine agape for filthiness

Once upon a gloomy day,
 Delia came out to play
 Youth & Health slept out with her
 (~~Bewildered~~ I could not stir), (O sight the ^{preyer} ~~coldest~~ heart to
 And Beauty took her by the hand.
 (~~Amazed~~, I could not understand)
 The
 How shamed of gloom the lagging Sun
 Smiled this sight to look upon
 And hastened in his warm beams to shed
 Sunlight on ~~each~~ her sunny head

Once upon a gloomy day
 Delia came out to play
 Youth & Health slept out with her.
 O, sight the preyer heart to stir
 And Beauty took her by the hand.
 The dullest wit e'er understood
 How shamed of gloom the peevish Sun
 Smiled this sight to look upon
 And hastened in warm beams to shed
 Sunlight on her sunny head.

(February,

ROO5011

ONCE upon a gloomy day,
Delia came out to play.
Youth and Health stepped out with her
O sight the greyest heart to stir!
And Beauty took her by the hand.
The dullest wit can understand,
Hom 'shamed of gloom the peevish Sun
Smiled this sight to look upon
And hasted in marm beams to shed
Sunlight on ker sunny kead.

11

ONCE upon a gloomy day,
Delia came out to play.
Youth and Health stepped out with her,
O sight the greyest heart to stir!
And Beauty took her by the hand.
The dullest wit can understand,
How 'shamed of gloom the peevish Sun
Smiled this sight to look upon
And hasted in warm beams, to shed
Sunlight on her sunny head.

WRITTEN DESIGNED CUT ON WOOD
PRINTED AND BOUND BY H D AND
H G WEBB AT CARADOC BEDFORD
PARK CHISWICK FINISHED
DECEMBER
MDCCCC.

SPRING and Summer now are fled,
Mourning Autumn, too, is dead;
The leaves have laid aside their dress
And shivering stand in nakedness.
The river, late so strong and loud,
Lies silent 'neath its icy shroud.
The solemn hills, just capped with snow
Look down upon the vale below,
Where through the night of Winter sleep
The little seeds their vigil keep.

ONCE upon a gloomy day,
Delia came out to play.
Youth and Health stept out with her
O sight the greyest heart to stir!
And Beauty took her by the hand.
The dullest wit can understand,
How, 'shamed of gloom, the peevish Sun
Smiled this sight to look upon
And hasted, in warm beams, to shed
Sunlight on her sunny head.



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Mourning Autumn, too, is dead;
The leaves have laid aside their dress
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The little seeds their vigil keep.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
CHICAGO, ILL.
JAN 10 1900

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
CHICAGO, ILL.
JAN 10 1900

To lie full length upon a headland ~~near~~ sheer
To hear the splash & murmur of the sea.

The gulls shrill screams, the droning of a bee;
To lay one's cheek upon the sunburnt grass.
And with closed eyes, to feel the soft wind pass.
With dainty rustle through the leather near.

August

Look I think. how like an meaning for
- that arise the for where reason dwell.
clamorous about & strong availing force
show the head of wisdom great that
I will then have of comparison in place
your subscribers. instead of complete.



O lie full-length upon a headland sheer;
 To hear the splash and murmur of the sea;
 The gulls' shrill scream, the droning of a bee;
 To lay one's cheek upon the sunburnt grass,
 And with closed eyes, to feel the soft wind pass,
 With dainty rustle through the heather near.



O lie full-length upon a headland sheer;
 To hear the splash and murmur of the sea;
 The gulls' shrill scream, the droning of a bee;
 To lay one's cheek upon the sunburnt grass,
 And with closed eyes, to feel the soft wind pass,
 With dainty rustle through the heather near.



HY dost thou lie a prisoner
in the dark?

Rise up and climb, and thou
mayst yet behold

Sunrise upon the hills of Liberty.



HY dost thou lie a prisoner
in the dark?
Rise up and climb, and thou
mayst yet behold
Sunrise upon the hills of Liberty.



HY dost thou lie a prisoner
in the dark?
Rise up and climb, and thou
mayst yet behold
Sunrise upon the hills of Liberty.

JANUARY.

S		6	13	20	27
M		7	14	21	28
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February.

S	3	10	17	24	
M	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
W	6	13	20	27	
T	7	14	21	28	
F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30

MARCH.

S	3	10	17	24	31
M	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
W	6	13	20	27	
T	7	14	21	28	
F	1	8	15	22	29
S	2	9	16	23	30



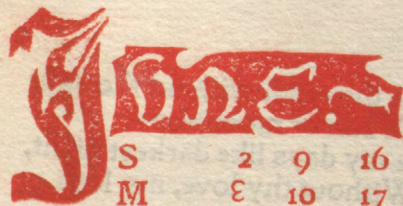
April

S		7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	



May

S		5	12	19	26
M		6	13	20	27
T		7	14	21	28
W	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
F	3	10	17	24	31
S	4	11	18	35	



June

S		2	9	16	23	30
M		3	10	17	24	
T		4	11	18	25	
W		5	12	19	26	
T		6	13	20	27	
F		7	14	21	28	
S	1	8	15	22	29	

July

S		7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	

August

S		4	11	18	25
M		5	12	19	26
T		6	13	20	27
W		7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	31

September

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	
W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	



OCTOBER

S	6	13	20	27
M	7	14	21	28
T	1	8	15	22
W	2	9	16	23
T	3	10	17	24
F	4	11	18	25
S	5	12	19	26



November

S	3	10	17	24
M	4	11	18	25
T	5	12	19	26
W	6	13	20	27
T	7	14	21	28
F	1	8	15	22
S	2	9	16	23



DECEMBER

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	



S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	

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IRISH MUSIC

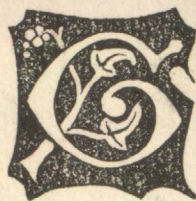
voice beside the dim enchanted river,
Out of the twilight, where the brooding trees
Hear Shannon's druid waters chant for ever
Tales of dead Kings and Bards and Shanachies;
A girl's young voice out of the twilight, singing
Old songs beside the legendary stream,
A girl's clear voice, o'er the wan waters ringing
Beats with its wings at the gates of dream.

WRITTEN DESIGNED CUT ON WOOD
PRINTED AND BOUND BY H D AND
H G WEBB AT CARADOC BEDFORD
PARK CHISWICK FINISHED
DECEMBER
MDCCCC.

IRISH MUSIC

voice recalls the old and distant days
Out of the twilight, when the harp was sweet
How Shannon's doted waters cheer the shore
Tales of dead Kings and Heroes and Clansmen
A girl's young voice, like the twilight's song
Old songs beside the legendary stone
A girl's clear voice, like the old water's song
Down with the light of the gates of dawn

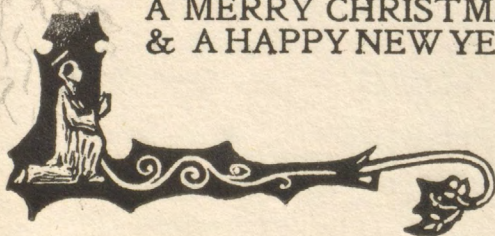




OD BLESS
The MASTER of this house
And the MISTRESS also
And all the little CHILDREN
That round the table go.
And all your Kin and Kinsmen
That dwell both far and near
We wish you
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
& A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



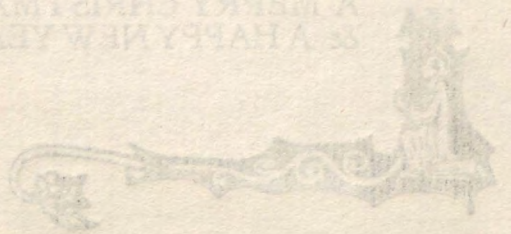
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OD BLESS
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And all your Kins and Kinsmen
That dwell both far and near
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A MERRY CHRISTMAS
& A HAPPY NEW YEAR



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And all your Kins and Kinsmen
That dwell both far and near
We wish you
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
& A HAPPY NEW YEAR



From
H.D. & H.W.
Carter
Box
104
Park
Crest
Mass
M.D.C.
C.C.O.

ALBERT
Carter

ALBERT
Carter
C.C.O. & H.W. CARTER

From
HD & HG W
Caradoc
Bed-
ford
Park
Christ-
mas
MDC
CCC

✠ A B C D E F G H
 I J K L M N O P Q
 R S T U V W X Y Z
 a b c d e f g h i j k l m
 n o p q r s t u v w x y z
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
 i ii iii iv v vi vii viii ix x

IN the name of the Father
 and of the Son and of the
 Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

OUR Father, which art in
 heaven, Hallowed be thy
 Name. Thy kingdom come.
 Thy will be done in earth, As
 it is in heaven. Give us this day
 our daily bread. And forgive
 us our trespasses, As we
 forgive them that trespass
 against us. And lead us not
 into temptation; But deliver
 us from evil. *Amen.*

✠ A B C D E F G H
 I J K L M N O P Q
 R S T U V W X Y Z
 a b c d e f g h i j k l m
 n o p q r s t u v w x y z
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
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 that round the table go.
 And all your Kin and Kinsmen
 That dwell both far and near
 We wish you
 A MERRY CHRISTMAS
 And a
 HAPPY NEW YEAR.



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